

THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

TWICE-A-WEEK . . . TUESDAY AND SATURDAY.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

ROCKLAND, MAINE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1907.

VOL. 62. NO. 9

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The Courier-Gazette.

TWICE-A-WEEK

ALL THE HOME NEWS

Published every Tuesday and Saturday morning from 409 Main Street, Rockland, Maine.

NEWSPAPER HISTORY.
The Rockland Gazette was established in 1846. In 1874 the Courier was established, and consolidated with the Gazette in 1882. The Free Press was established in 1893, and in 1901 the name was changed to the Tribune. These papers consolidated March 17, 1897.

BY THE ROCKLAND PUBLISHING CO.

Subscriptions \$2 per year in advance; \$2.50 if paid at the end of the year; single copies three cents.
Advertising rates based upon circulation and very reasonable.
Communications upon topics of general interest are solicited.
Entered at the postoffice at Rockland for circulation at second-class postal rates.

He lives ill who strives not to live better.—French Proverb.

U. S. Senator Russell A. Alger, who was prominently mentioned as a candidate for the Presidential nomination some years ago, died suddenly in Washington last week.

The postal card craze has had the effect of leading the post-office department to issue one-cent postage stamps in book form, beginning March 1. There will be 24 one-cent stamps in four sheets of six stamps each, interleaved with paraffine paper and bound like a book of two-cent stamps.

Mrs. Lew Wallace, devoted to the memory of her husband, has kept everything in the library where he wrote in exactly the same condition in which he left it. Even the book which he was last reading lies open at the page as he laid it down. The library is a large building which the author had put up in the middle of the garden.—New York Tribune.

During the year 1906 nineteen vessels were lost on the Atlantic, with 257 men, four on the Pacific with 88 souls on board, while 126 lives were lost on the great lakes, making a total of 472 for the year. On the railroads of the United States alone during this same year of report more than 420 passengers, employees and other people were killed and more than 55,000 injured.

High prices continue to rule in Dawson city, which is probably the most expensive town in the world. It is a thriving place with a population of over 8000, with warehouses, churches, banks, electric lights, wholesale and retail stores and two up-to-date newspapers. The newspapers themselves are worthy of consideration in the light of expense, for they cost 25 cents a copy. At the time of the year three eggs ordered in a restaurant cost \$1.50, while a caribou steak costs \$1. Beer is worth \$1 a bottle and champagne \$10.50 a quart.

The American Railway Association, which includes nearly all the steam railroads in the country, has decided to establish at Chicago a sort of clearing house for freight cars. It will be under the direction of the committee on efficiency, of which Arthur Hale of the Baltimore and Ohio transportation department is chairman. If the plan goes into general operation Mr. Hale will have to look after 200,000 cars belonging to 50 owners. The clearing house is to be experimental for awhile, but it is hoped will become permanent.

Senator Long, of Kansas, was rather diffident when he went to his first reception in Washington, at the home of Senator Elkins. Mrs. Long tried to steer him down the line and succeeded admirably. When they had an can hands with everybody, Long mopped his face and said: "Well, my dear, I guess I got through with all right, and I think I knew everybody with one exception. Tell me, what was the man at the end of the line with whom I shook hands?" "That," Mrs. Long replied, freely, "was the butler."

A French engineer named De Pluy has invented a really interesting device, having a thickness varying from 2-10ths to 3-10ths of an inch. The joints and couplings are made of pressed leather and rubber, and on the top of the arm is fixed a heliograph. The air is then sent to the interior of the helmet by another tube. This apparatus is contained in a pair of chambers attached to each side of the helmet and valves keep the pressure at the right amount, no matter what the depth of the diver. The diver communicates with the surface by a telephone, and wires connected with colored lamps show how the different parts are working. De Pluy, with this apparatus, has reached depths varying from 150 to 300 feet, which is far below the limit of the ordinary diver.

Prof. H. C. Parker of the physics department of Columbia and Walter G. Clark, an electrical engineer, have announced the success of their experiments in finding a better medium than carbon for electrical lamps. They say they have a substance which they have named helon, composed largely of silicon, containing some other ingredients not mentioned. The mixture is deposited from gas on a thread of carbon. To prove its superiority they turned an electric current into two bulbs attached to the same wire. One was the ordinary 16 candle-power carbon filament and the other of the same size, but supplied with the helon filament. A slight flow of electricity that made the carbon lamp appear as a dull red wire produced in the new bulb a white light that you could read by. As the current was increased the old light changed from red to yellow and increased in brilliancy until it reached 16 candle-power, while the helon bulb went to 40 candle-power. The latter would stand much more overloading than the former, and is expected to last twice as long, besides operating with much less current. Helon is not a metal, and can be manufactured in unlimited quantities, but is more expensive to make than carbon filament at present.

NEW YORK LETTER

New York's Version of Our National Anthem—Roosevelt and Platt Banned from Possibilities—Will the East Side Elevate the Stage—The Cocktail Brackets Adorn Fifth Avenue's Fairest—Money Order Transactions Reach Enormous Total.

New York, Jan. 28.—If Francis Scott Key, composer of the Star Spangled Banner could hear the national anthem as it is sung in the New York schools he would probably turn in his grave not once but many times. A recent practical test among 10,000 school children brought to light the astonishing fact that only one out of every hundred had any real idea of the words. It is rather astonishing to know that a generation brought up as it were on "Bedell" and kindred songs which are picked up in a few minutes should have had its musical and patriotic education so far neglected as to be unable to differentiate between the "rockets' red glare" and the "robins red breast" or between the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Bill Spunkin' Banner." All this comes as a result of the order of the District Superintendent that every child in his district in grades from 5A to 5B, that is, aged from something like nine to fifteen, should write from memory three stanzas of the national anthem without any special preparation. The way that anthem was slaughtered was something awful. "Ore the land as we washed were so gallantly screaming" wrote one pupil while another's ideas were recorded in the following words under the heading of "The Star Spangled Paner":

O say can you see
By the dawn early light
For so proudly we hale
And the Robin red breast,
Burst out of his nest,
Gave through through night
When our flags were still there.

Ten thousand school children and among them only one hundred knew the national anthem! But then perhaps the children are not the only ones.

Never again, unless they gain entrance by stealth, will Theodore Roosevelt or Tom Platt be allowed in the federal building here. Postmaster Wilcox has issued an edict to this effect which is final unless sufficient pressure can be brought on him to bring about its revocation. The order, which was entirely unexpected, was issued by the Postmaster as he was leaving his office one morning this week.

"Taylor" said he to his personal attendant, a long haired fellow who comes in here, put him out. I want him to understand this is no leading place for him or his kind. And "the added after a moment's reflection. "Put Tom Platt out too. He's getting to be a nuisance. Remember, out with both of them."

"Tom ain't so bad, Mr. Postmaster," said Taylor gently. "It's all Theodore. Tom has been serving the Government a long time and then along comes Theodore and makes all the fuss. Tom is so old and feeble he can't stand for his rights. All right, Mr. Postmaster, I'll put 'em out."

As the doorman Theodore dashed in closely followed by Tom. "Now Theodore, now" began Taylor, and then thinking of the big stick he exclaimed: "Now you Theodore and Tom, seat. You are fine fellows, but you must be the boss and forever barred from civil service. Seat!" And they scatted—Theodore a yellow one-eyed nondescript cat, and Tom who had been scripping rates around the federal building for years. The cause for their banishment is found in Theodore's recent attempt to tear Secretary Murphy to pieces, and as a result the two old cats are now homeless.

While District Attorney Jerome talks of investigating the theatrical trust and many people are kicking vigorously against the federal building, the People's Institute, believing in the educational value of the drama for the masses of the east side is proceeding calmly and successfully to put its own building up.

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PILLS, HAIR VIGOR.

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ated public taste may find more than a crumb of comfort. After all stranger things have happened than that the East side should popularize the legitimate drama.

For a long time scientists have asserted the inferiority of woman, and other scientists of a certain order have argued that her higher development has been hampered by the lack of a pistol pocket. Whatever the facts may be, that particular reason for her low position has been eliminated by the invention of a feminine substitute for that important masculine adjunct. Although it sounds more like a device which would be popular in a prohibition state, the invention has made its first appearance in New York, where it is regarded as the very latest thing. The cocktail bracelet, as its name implies, is a hollow bracelet ingeniously worn on the wrist, which contains a few thimbleful of a dry Martini or a Manhattan to be surreptitiously sipped as a restorative during the trying hours of social obligation. The only objection to this bracelet, according to its devotees, is found in the fact that it is not made to accommodate an olive or a cherry, as the case may be, and thus render the cocktail complete in every detail. The act of imbibing is performed without fear of detection by means of one of those graceful gestures so natural to women, in which the wrist is carried to the lips, the pressure of an almost invisible spring permitting the escape of the liquid through a tiny hole in the gold shell of the bracelet. A Fifth Avenue goldsmith is said to sell numbers of the bracelets every week, at a price in which the purchaser's desire for secrecy regarding the transaction figures as prominently as the yellow metal of which they are made.

According to the statement for the year just given out, the money order transactions at the local post office for 1906 reached the enormous total of \$420,783,946, a sum precisely equal to one half of the national income. Moreover this is an increase of nearly 27 percent over the business of 1905, and since the year 1900, when the first money order was issued, the business has increased 233 percent, as compared to 2,323,337 during 1905.

New York's police force has a real mystery for the explanation of which it may be necessary to lay the blame on ghosts, or some other equally illusive agency. Pencils, paper and mathematical tables are at a premium since every member of the "finest" who can find time is trying to figure out how one Sweeney escaped from his cell. Sweeney was arrested as a suspicious person and made no resistance, remarking that he would just as soon "be on the inside looking out as on the outside looking in." Accordingly after being searched down to his underclothing he was lodged in a most select steel apartment. During the evening he gave a pair of soup and a loaf of bread and when at 11:30 the doorman came to let him in, like the little boy in the poem "wasn't there at all." He evidently had preferred life on the outside looking in after all but how he accomplished it is the mystery. The keeper is willing to swear that there was no crowd cut saw concealed in the soup nor a crowbar in the bread. There were no holes in the ceiling, the floor and walls were still there and nothing less than a submarine could have squeezed between the bars. No wonder the forces is mystified. Incidentally before departing Mr. Sweeney wrote on the wall of his cell "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," a fact which the force, though mystified is forced to admit.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills drives the poison from the body. A 25 cent box holds a week's treatment. Sold by Wm. H. Kittredge.

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THE WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE CO.

LICENSE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

It Doesn't Seem To Entirely Solve the Rumselling Problems.

(Portland Express.)

The efforts to bolster up the license idea by citing New Hampshire, as an illustration have apparently pretty well come to an end. A writer in the Boston Transcript which never loses an opportunity to turn happenings to the advantage of the liquor traffic, has devoted a couple of columns recently to the latest developments of the situation there, and the greatest comfort he can extract from the situation is his belief that the present legislature of the state will only amend the present law in some important particulars, and that no effort will be made to go back to prohibition at this session. The belief generally prevails that New Hampshire will eventually so fully repent of its license folly that it will be glad to take up prohibition as a state policy again, even though it necessitates granting the wish of the Berlin merchant who said, "I wish we had a Sturgis commission in New Hampshire."

Some of the statistics used in the Boston Transcript letter will make good reading in Maine, and it should be borne in mind continually, that the article quoted was written for a paper which is consistently laboring in favor of license, and the broadest liberality in the statement of the saloon. If it had been possible for him to make a showing more favorable to the rum-selling interests it is safe to assume that it would have been made.

At the first balloting in May, 1903, 57 towns and all of the 11 cities of New Hampshire voted "Yes," and 162 towns voted "No." In November, 1904, 24 towns changed from license to prohibition, and 14 made the opposite change, leaving 10 fewer license towns in the state. Last November six of the 11 cities reversed their first "Yes" vote; 16 towns changed from "Yes" to "No"; and 15 from "No" to "Yes." In the number of towns there seems to be no clear evidence of a general movement in one direction or the other; but when matter of population is considered it is evident that an increasing number of the citizens of the state are growing dissatisfied with the workings of the saloon under the new plan. Over one-third of the urban population of the state, 60,000 out of 175,000, have voted out the saloon; and of the 15 towns of over 2,500 population, 11, with 39,000 out of a total of 54,000 population, are on the "No" side for the coming two years. Taking the entire state, we find that the first vote of May, 1903, found 276,000 of New Hampshire's people in saloon territory, and only 140,000 in "No" towns; the last November's balloting places only 185,000 in saloon towns and cities, with 245,000 on the other side. This reversal of judgment, corresponds closely with Vermont's recent effort on the part of the commissioners to do away with the liquor regulation.

There is another side to the matter, however, which cannot be forgotten; and that is the increase in drunkenness and arrests and commitments to state institutions. Here as in Vermont the increase from license territory has been startling. In 1902, Dover had 288 "drunks" and in 1903 the number was 679; for the same two years Franklin had 71 and 165 respectively, Haverhill 22 and 197, and Laconia 191 and 365, with 263 in six months of 1906. When these last three places changed to prohibition, the number of drunks had just done to no-license, one great reason for such action is written large in such figures. The statistics on commitments to county houses of correction point in the same direction. In 1902, Haverhill sent 6, in 1905, 120; Merrimack county sent a total of 169 in the two years 1901 and 1902, and 659 in the years 1904 and 1905.

The character and extent of the changes likely to be made in the law by the newly convened legislature will indicate the real defects in this law. The chief ground of complaint seems to be the inadequate protection afforded the residents in no-license territory from the enlarged freedom of their neighbors. With all honest and earnest effort on the part of the commissioners to avoid abuse of inholders and druggists' licenses in towns voting "No," it appears that further restrictions are needed. An amendment thereto was passed last year, but it was defeated on the payment of a fee from \$20 to \$50, to engage in the sale of liquor on the certificate plan, has worked badly in many places. In the northern part of the state the lumbermen complain that this has flooded some of their camps with liquor; and it is possible that this privilege will be wholly taken away, and the druggists restricted to doing a prescription business.

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Chats on Books.

Another of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's quaint "Queen Silver-bell" fairy tales will begin in the February St. Nicholas. It will have the piquant title of "The Cozy Lion" and the thing will be a number of illustrations by the same artist who has made the pictures for the earlier stories of the series, Harrison Cady.

The most famous of American humorists before Mark Twain was Charles F. Browne ("Artemus Ward"), who died in England some forty years ago in his early thirties, leaving behind him a host of friends on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the few survivors of this host is Mr. Enoch Knight, of California, who contributes to the February Putnam's an intimate appreciation of his friend and fellow-townman, with portrait and other illustrations.

"I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling as an emotion saves me from friction and distress." These words of Lincoln, and the circumstances under which they were uttered, will be part of a new contribution to Lincolniana in the February Century, of unusual interest, Lincoln on His Own Story-telling, from Col. Silas W. Burt. The article has further historic value for the light it will throw upon relations at that time between the President and Governor Seymour, of New York.

"The Human Side of Immigration," an altogether timely discussion of a pressing problem, will be treated in the February Century by John Graham Brooks. From the point of view of race education, Mr. Brooks argues the education or world side of this problem should have not only increasing attention, but the utmost practical weight consistent with soundly investing within national bounds. The article promises to be one of the most valuable of recent contributions to sociological discussion.

Three articles on Lincoln, Col. Silas W. Burt's record of "Lincoln on His Own Story-telling," Col. Clark E. Carr's account of "Why Lincoln Was Not Renominated by Acclamation," and Myra Lockett, Avary's story of "A Lincoln Souvenir in the South," will give a decided Lincoln tone to the February Century. The author of "The Illinois," who was one of the delegates to the Republican National Convention of 1864, tells how Lincoln showed his wisdom and greatness in the crisis of the convention, saving the convention and his party, even at the cost of unanimity of renomination.

Two new volumes will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in "The Chief Poets Series." Their titles will be "The Chief English Poets to the Time of Chaucer," edited by Professor C. G. Child, of the University of Pennsylvania; and "The Chief English Poets from Chaucer to Tottel's Miscellany," edited by Professor W. A. Neilson, of Harvard University, the editor of the new single-volume Shakespeare; "The Chief British Poets of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," edited by Professor Curtis Hidden Page; "The Chief British Poets of the Eighteenth Century," edited by Professor Curtis Hidden Page. In general characteristics these books will resemble Professor Page's "Chief American Poets." The contents will cover the full period of the chief poets, and each book will be furnished with such biographical, bibliographical, and explanatory notes as are required in literary courses. These volumes are not anthologies, but are working text-books for students who need full and complete examples of the work of the poets and dramatists of England and America whose work is studied in college courses.

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Special Announcement Regarding the National Pure Food and Drug Law

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, cures and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and those of all ages. W. H. Kittredge, druggist, C. H. Pendleton, druggist and optician.

YOUR FAVORITE POEM

The Songs of Home.
O sing once more those dear, familiar lays,
Whose gliding measures every bosom thrills,
And takes my heart back to the happy days
When first I sang them on my native hills!
With the fresh feelings of the often times,
I hear them now upon a foreign shore—
The simple music and the artless rhymes!
O, sing those dear familiar lays once more,
Those cheerful lays of other days,
O, sing those cheerful lays once more!
O, sing once more those joy-provoking strains,
Which all-day long in my memory dwell,
They send the life-blood bounding through my veins,
And linger round me like a fairy spell.
The songs of home are to the human heart
Far dearer than the notes that song birds pour,
And our very nature's in a part:
Then sing those dear familiar lays once more!
Those cheerful lays of other days,
O, sing those cheerful lays once more!
—George F. Morris.

The Madness of Mr. Lister

By
W. W. JACOBS

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William W. Jacobs

OLD Jem Lister of the Sussanah was possessed of two devils—the love of strong drink and avarice—and the only thing the twin had in common was to get a drink without paying for it. When Mr. Lister paid for a drink the demon of avarice masquerading as conscience preached a teetotal lecture and when he showed signs of profiting by it the demon of drink would send him hanging round public house doors cadging for drinks in a way which his shipmates regarded as a slur upon the entire ship's company. Many a healthy thurst reared on salt beef and pickled with strong tobacco had been spoiled by the sight of Mr. Lister standing by the entrance with a proprietary smile, waiting to be invited in to share it, and on one occasion they had even seen him (him, Jem Lister, A. B.) holding a horse's head with ulterior motives.

It was pointed out to Mr. Lister at last that his conduct was reflecting discredit upon men who were fully able to look after themselves in that direction, without having any additional burden thrust upon them. Bill Henshaw was the spokesman and on the score of violence (misplaced firmness) his remarks left little to be desired. On the score of profanity Bill might recall with pride that in the opinion of his fellows he had left nothing unsaid.

"You ought to have been a member of parliament, Bill," said Harry Lea, when he had finished.

"It wants money," said Henshaw, shaking his head.

Mr. Lister laughed a senile laugh, but not lacking in venom.

"That's what we've got to say," said Henshaw, turning upon him suddenly. "If there's anything I hate in this world, it's a drinking miser. You know our opinion, and the best thing you can do is to turn over a new leaf now."

"Take us all in to the Coast and Compasses," urged Lea. "Bring out some of those sovereigns you've been hoarding."

Mr. Lister gazed at him with frigid scorn and, finding that the conversation still seemed to center round his unworthy person, went up on deck and sat glowering over the insults which had been heaped upon him. His futile wrath when Bill deigned his footstep ashore next day and revealed his character to a bibulous individual whom he had almost persuaded to be a Christian from his point of view—bordered upon the maudlin, and he wandered back to the ship, wild eyed and dry of throat.

For the next two months it was safe to say that every drink he had he paid for. His eyes got brighter and his complexion clearer, nor was he as pleased as one of the other sex might have been when the self satisfied Henshaw pointed out these improvements to his companions and claimed entire responsibility for them. It is probable that Mr. Lister under these circumstances might in time have lived down his taste for strong drink, but that at just that time they shipped a new cook.

He was a big, cadaverous young fellow who looked too closely after his own interests to be much of a favorite with the other men forward. On the score of thrift, it was soon discovered that he and Mr. Lister had much in common, and the latter, disposed to make the most of him and spend, despite the heat, much of his spare time in the galley.

"You keep to it," said the graybeard impressively. "Money was made to be took care of. If you don't spend your money, you've always got it. I've always been a saving man. What's the result?"

The cook, waiting some time in patience to be told, gently inquired what it was.

"Ere am I," said Mr. Lister, good naturedly helping him to cut a cabbage, "at the age of sixty-two with a bank book down below in my chest with an 'undered an' ninety pounds odd in it."

"One 'undered and ninety pounds!" repeated the cook, with awe.

"To say nothing of other things," continued Mr. Lister, with joyful appreciation of the effect he was producing. "Altogether I've got a little over four 'undered pounds."

The cook gasped and with gentle firmness took the cabbage from him as being unfit work for a man of such wealth.

"It's very nice," he said slowly. "It's very nice. You'll be able to live on it in your old age."

Mr. Lister shook his head mournfully, and his eyes became humid.

"There's no old age for me," he said sadly. "But you needn't tell them." And he jerked his thumb toward the forecastle.

"No, no," said the cook.

"I've never been one to talk over my affairs," said Mr. Lister in a low voice. "I've never yet took fancy enough to anybody so to do. No, my lad, I'm saving up for somebody else."

"What are you going to live on when you're past work, then?" demanded the other.

Mr. Lister took him gently by the sleeve, and his voice sank with the solemnity of his subject. "I'm not going to have no old age," he said resignedly.

"Not going to live?" repeated the

cook, gazing meekly at a knife by his side. "How do you know?"

"I went to a orespittle in London," said Mr. Lister. "I've ben to two or three altogether, while the money I've spent on doctors is more than I like to think of, and they're all surprised to think that I've lived so long. I'm so chock full of complaints that they tell me I can't live more than two years, and I might go off at any moment."

"Well, you've got money," said the cook. "Why don't you knock off work now and spend the evenin' of your life ashore? Why should you save up for your relatives?"

"I've got no relatives," said Mr. Lister. "I'm all alone. I s'pose I shall leave my money to some nice young feller, and I hope it'll do 'im good."

With the dazzling thoughts which dashed through the cook's brain the cabbage dropped violently into the saucenap and a shower of cooling drops fell on both men.

"I s'pose you take medicine?" he said at length.

"A little rum," said Mr. Lister faintly. "The doctors tell me that it is the only thing that keeps me up. O' course the chaps down there—'he indicated the forecastle again with a jerk of his head—'accuse me o' taking too much."

"What do ye take any notice o' 'em for?" inquired the other indignantly. "I s'pose it's foolish," admitted Mr. Lister. "But I don't like being misunderstood. I keep my troubles to myself, as a rule, cook. I don't know what's made me talk to you like this. I heard the other day you was keeping company with a young woman."

"Well, I won't say as I ain't," replied the other, busying himself over the fire.

"An' the best thing, too, my lad," said the old man warmly. "It keeps you stiddy, keeps you out of public 'ouses; not as they ain't good in moderation. I ope you'll be 'appy."

The cook thanked him and noticed that Mr. Lister was fidgeting with a piece of paper.

"A little something I wrote the other day," said the old man, catching his eye. "If I let you see it will you promise not to tell a soul about it and not to give me no thanks?"

The wondering cook promised, and the old man, being somewhat emphatic on the subject, backed his promise with a homemade affidavit of singular power and profanity.

"Here it is, then," said Mr. Lister. The cook took the paper, and as he read the letters danced before him. He blinked his eyes and started again slowly. In plain black and white and his nondescript, colored finger marks Mr. Lister, after a general statement as to his bodily and mental health, left the whole of his estate to the cook. The will was properly dated and witnessed, and the cook's voice shook with excitement and emotion as he offered to hand it back.

"I don't know what I've done for you to do this," he said.

Mr. Lister waved it away again. "Keep it," he said simply. "While you've got it on you, you'll know it's safe."

From this moment a friendship sprang up between the two men which puzzled the remainder of the crew not a little. The attitude of the cook was as that of a son to a father; the benediction of Mr. Lister beautiful to behold. It was noticed, too, that he had abandoned the reprehensible practice of hanging round tavern doors in favor of going inside and drinking the cook's health.

For about six months the cook, although always in somewhat straitened circumstances, was well content with the tacit bargain, and then, bit by bit, the character of Mr. Lister was revealed to him. It was not a nice character, but subtle, and when he made the startling discovery that a will could be rendered invalid by the simple process of making another one the next day he became as a man possessed. When he ascertained that Mr. Lister when at home had free quarters at the house of a married niece, he used to sit about alone and try and think of ways and means of securing capital sunk in a concealer which seemed to show no signs of being wound up.

"I've got a touch of the 'art again, lad," said the elderly invalid, as they sat alone in the forecastle one night at Seacole.

"You move about too much," said the cook. "Why not turn in and rest?"

Mr. Lister, who had not expected this, fidgeted. "I think I'll go ashore a bit and try the air," he said suggestively. "I'll just go as far as the Black Horse and back. You won't have me long now, my lad."

"No, I know," said the cook. "That's what's worrying me a bit."

"Don't worry about me," said the old man, pausing with his hand on the other's shoulder. "I'm not worth it. Don't look so glum, lad."

"I've got something on my mind, lad," said the cook, staring straight in front of him.

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Lister.

"You know what you told me about those pains in your inside?" said the cook, without looking at him.

Jem groaned and felt his side.

"And what you said about its being a relief to die," continued the other, "only you was afraid to commit suicide?"

"What's up?" he demanded.

"Wot 'ave you been doing to poor old Jem?" demanded Henshaw sternly.

"Nothin'," said the other shortly.

"You ain't been 'pisonin' 'im?" demanded Henshaw.

"Certainly not," said the cook emphatically.

"He s'posed you told 'im you 'pisoned 'im," said Henshaw solemnly, "and he give you 2 shillings to get something to cure 'im. It's too late now."

"What?" stammered the bewildered cook.

He looked round anxiously at the men. They were all very grave, and the silence became oppressive.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

Henshaw and the others exchanged glances.

"Well," said Mr. Lister. "It used to worry me," continued the cook earnestly. "I used to say to myself, 'Poor old Jem, I s'ee, why should he suffer like this when he wants to die?' It seemed 'ard."

"It is 'ard," said Mr. Lister. "But what about it?"

The other made no reply, but, looking at him for the first time, surveyed him with a troubled expression.

"What about it?" repeated Mr. Lister, with some emphasis.

"You did say you wanted to die, didn't you?" said the cook. "Now, suppose—suppose—"

"Suppose what?" inquired the old man sharply. "Why don't you say what you're a-going to say?"

"Suppose," said the cook, "some one what liked you, Jem—what liked you, mind—'ard you say this over and over again 'ard you sufferin' and 'ard you groanin' and not able to do nothin' for you except lend you a few shillings here and there for medicine or stand you a few glasses o' rum—suppose they knew a chap in a chemist's shop?"

"Suppose they did?" said the other, turning pale.

"A chap what knows all about 'pisonin'" continued the cook—"pisonin' what a man can take without knowin'."

"He's gone mad," said he slowly. "Mad?" repeated the horrified cook, and, seeing the aversion of the crew in a broken voice he narrated the way in which he had been victimized.

"Well, you've done it now," said Henshaw, when he had finished. "He's gone right off 'is 'ed."

"Where is he?" inquired the cook.

"Where you can't follow him," said the other slowly.

"Heaven?" hazarded the unfortunate cook.

"No, skipper's bunk," said Lea. "Well, can't I follow 'im?" said the cook, starting up. "I'll soon 'ave 'im out o' that."

"Better leave 'im alone," said Henshaw. "He was that wild we couldn't do nothin' with 'im, staving an' larding and crying all together—I certainly thought he was 'pisoned."

"I'll swear I ain't touched him," said the cook.

"Well, you've upset his reason," said Henshaw. "There'll be an awful row when the skipper comes aboard and finds 'im in 'is bed."

"Well, come an' 'elp me to get 'im out," said the cook.

"I ain't going to be mixed up in it," said Henshaw, shaking his head.

"Don't you, Bill," said the other two. "Wot the skipper 'il say I don't know," said Henshaw. "Anyway it'll be said to you, not us."

"I'll go and get 'im out if he was five madmen," said the cook, compressing his lips.

"You'll have to carry 'im out, then," said Henshaw. "I don't wish you was 'arm, cook, and perhaps it would be as well to get 'im out afore the skipper or mate comes aboard. If it was me I know what I should do."

"What?" inquired the cook breathlessly.

"Draw a sack over his head," said Henshaw, earnestly. "He'll scream like blazes as soon as you touch him and rouse the folks ashore if you don't. Besides that, if you draw it well down 'il keep his arms fast."

The cook thanked him fervently and, routing out a sack, rushed hastily on deck, his departure being the signal for Mr. Henshaw and his friends to make preparations for resisting for the night so hastily as almost to savor of panic.

The cook, after a hasty glance ashore, went softly below with the sack over his arm and felt his way in the darkness to the skipper's bunk. The sound of deep and regular breathing reassured him, and without undue haste he opened the mouth of the sack and gently raised the sleeper's head.

"Zzz? What?" began a sleepy voice.

The next moment the cook had bagged him and, gripping him tightly round the middle, turned a deaf ear to the smothered cries of his victim as he strove to lift him out of the bunk. In the exciting time which followed he had more than one reason for thinking that he had caught a centipede.

"Now, you keep still," he cried breathlessly. "I'm not going to hurt you."

He got his burden out of bed at last and staggered to the foot of the companion ladder with it. There was a halt, two legs sticking obstinately across the narrow way and refusing to be moved, while a furious humming proceeded from the other end of the sack.

Four times did the exhausted cook get his shoulder under his burden and try and push it up the ladder, and four times did it wriggle and dig its way down again, till the cook, with fear and rage, he essayed it for the fifth time and had got it halfway up when there was a sudden exclamation of surprise from above and the voice of the mate sharply demanding an explanation.

"What the blazes are you up to?" he cried.

"It's all right, sir," said the panting cook. "Old Jem's had a drop too much and got down aft, and I'm getting 'im for'ard again."

"Jem?" said the astonished mate. "Why, he's been sitting up here on the fore hatch. He came aboard with me."

"Sitting?" began the horrified cook—"sit—Oh, Lor!"

He stood with his writhing burden wedged between his body and the ladder and looked up despairingly at the mate.

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake," he said in a trembling voice.

The mate struck a match and looked down.

"Take that sack off," he demanded sternly.

The cook placed his burden upon its feet and, running up the ladder, stood by the mate, shivering. The latter struck another match, and the twain watched in breathless silence the writhings of the strange creature below as the covering worked slowly up.

Mr. Lister, the fourth match lit got free and revealed the emphyreous visage of the master of the Sussanah. For the fraction of a second the cook gazed at him in speechless horror, and then, with a hopeless cry, sprang ashore and ran for it, hotly pursued by his enraged victim. At the time of sailing he was still absent, and the skipper, both cases of poor appetite, sent Mr. James Lister, at the urgent request of the anxious crew, to look for him.

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"I was going down town that awful slippery day when a big boy man suddenly bumped into me."

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BREVITIES

THE HALL OF FAME.

Sir Charles Wyndham was educated by his father for the ministry and was sent to a Moravian school in Germany for that purpose.

The Duke of Bedford has presented Lord Tavistock, his eldest son, with a silver mounted motor car for his use while at Oxford university.

Lord Cork, who has entered his forty-sixth year, enjoys two earldoms, two viscounties and three baronies in the peerage of Ireland, but he has no seat in that country and is himself of English descent.

Many kindred of George Washington, our first president, dwell on and about the original Washington plantation in Westmoreland county, Va. The present owners of the plantation is named George Washington.

William J. Bryan has recently published a book relative to his world tour, in which he defends the missionary propaganda and summarizes his impressions of American missions abroad in a way most favorable to this enterprise.

Henry G. Davis, the vice presidential candidate, will build a Presbyterian church to cost \$50,000 at Gassaway, W. Va. The Davis Memorial Presbyterian church at Elkins, W. Va., was built by Mr. Davis for his son, who was drowned off the coast of Africa.

Representative John E. Andrus of New York, the richest man in congress, gladdened the hearts of the page boys, doorkeepers and most of the other employees of the national house by giving them each a brand new two dollar bill as a Christmas gift.

A. A. Thatcher of Washington has in his possession the anvil upon which the armor of Captain John Smith, the hero of the early English settlers in Virginia, was forged. This anvil was also used for forging some of the parts of the first temple built in Nauvoo, Ill. The date on the steel of the anvil is 1490.

Although John D. Rockefeller has been generally considered the richest man in the United States, this is disputed by certain people, who claim to know and give credit to Frederick Weyerhaeuser of St. Paul, a recluse, who owns, they claim, timber tracts in the northwest worth at least a billion dollars. Weyerhaeuser was born in Germany in 1824 and came to this country as an immigrant.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

Tucks diagonal, cross, horizontal, wide and narrow are a feature of all the silk blouses.

Nets of all kinds continue among the most popular materials both for separate waists and evening gowns, with stripes layed, bias and vertical as novelties.

In the new mode the front and sides of the gown are princess, with the back empire, and the result is one of the most charming designs we have had in many a season.

Plaid belts make a charming addition to a silk lingerie blouse when it is worn with a short skirted suit. They are especially attractive with the simple harness buckles which are so much in vogue just now.

Very few plain sleeves are noted even where the gown itself is comparatively simple, and where the costume makes any pretensions at all to dressiness the sleeves are often the most elaborate part of it.

ENGLISH ETCHINGS.

London's net municipal debt amounts to over £44,000,000.

There are over 20,000 brass bands in England, comprising 250,000 musicians. At a new mill opened in Radcliffe recently employment has been found for a family of ten sisters. They reside with a widowed mother.

For 30 cents in the house of common's restaurant a member of parliament gets a chop, potatoes, bread and a bottle of ale, all of the best quality.

A monster trumpet which was used to summon the people to church in the early part of the last century is still to be seen at Braybrooke church, England. It is sixty-six inches long.

The bootmakers of Leicester and Northampton, England, are now cataloging ladies' sizes up to eights, and one of them says he has a special demand for sevens and eights for girls.

NEW YORK CITY.

There are fifty-two medical societies in New York city.

Automobiles owned in New York city have cost \$70,000,000.

The average age of persons arrested in New York city during 1906 was twenty-three years.

New York city claims as waste and disposes of fifty tons of condemned fruit of varying character each day.

If the immigrants landing in New York city during the last year had come at the same time, it would have required a fleet of 1,121 vessels, each one carrying 1,000 passengers.—New York Herald.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Get busy occasionally and dust off your conscience.

Look well to the start; then keep looking to the finish.

Occasionally a man drops dollars while trying to pick up pennies.

With some people there is no such word as fail; with others there is no such word as enough.—Chicago News.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

"I had tried everything for my baby until Dr. Lyle recommended CASTORIA. I can truthfully say it is the best medicine I ever used for babies."—Nannie L. Taylor, Bedford, Va. CASTORIA is sold by Wm. H. Kirtledge.

Constipation causes headache, nausea, dizziness, languor, heart palpitation, drastic physics grip the stomach, weakens the bowels and don't cure. Bowel's Remedy acts gently and cures constipation. 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

Sloan's Liniment

For Cough, Cold, Croup, Sore Throat, Stiff Neck, Rheumatism and Neuralgia

At all Dealers
Price 25c 50c & \$1.00

Sent Free
Sloan's Book on Horses, Cattle, Hogs & Poultry

Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan
615 Albany St. Boston, Mass.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* and has been made



Is your baby thin, weak, fretful?

Make him a **Scott's Emulsion** baby.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is easily digested by little folks.

Consequently the baby that is fed on **Scott's Emulsion** is a sturdy, rosy-cheeked little fellow full of health and vigor.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

READ, REFLECT, THEN ACT

Pallor, Sickly Appearance, Flushing of the Cheeks, one Cheek Red, the other Pale, Bluish Circles under the Eyes, Dilated Pupils, Itching of the Nose, Offensive Breath, Coated Tongue, Frequent Vomiting, Abdomen sometimes Bloating, sometimes Contracted, Great Thirst, Redness of the Nostrils, Picking the Nose or Boring into the Nose, Irritable Temper, Pain in the Stomach, Ravenous Hunger, or no Appetite, Vertigo or Dizziness, Dark before the Eyes, Noise in the Ears, Palpitation of the Heart, Screaming on Waking, Grating of the Teeth in Sleep, Spasms, Convulsions, High Fever with Great Thirst and Vomiting after drinking, Languid and Sick, Moaning and Crying, Wetting the Bed, Frightful Dreams, Passing Masses of Mucus, Violent Itching at the Anus, Violent Startings, Delirium, Peevish, Colic, Nothing Pleases, Short Hacking Cough, Frequent Swallowing, as if to swallow down something, Urine turns Milky. After reading these symptoms and reflecting upon them, you will say

WORMS!

and you are just right. The Child or Adult who has these symptoms, surely has Worms, but people imagine that if the Worms are expelled, the patient will be cured. People are not ill so much because they have Worms, as that they have Worms because they are ill. Consequently the violent medicines, drugs and other means used to destroy Worms, either entirely fail in effecting it, or inflict great injury upon the health.

VIOLA POWDERS will Safely and Surely REMOVE all these symptoms, Destroy the Worms and Restore the Patient NO DISAPPOINTMENT! SATISFACTION ASSURED

WIGGIN & CO., Proprietors, Rockland, Me. Price 25 cts. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine. Sent by Mail on Receipt of Price.

HERRICK & GALE

Dealers in Cemetery Work of All Kinds.

WE CARRY A LARGER AND GREATER VARIETY OF STYLES THAN ANY OTHER CONCERN IN THIS SECTION OF THE STATE.

We can suit you in Styles, Prices and Quality of Work.

We employ the best of workmen and can give you the best quality of work. Nothing but the best in every way will do.

Now is the Time to select your work for the Spring Delivery

Call and see us, or send postal, and we will call and see you with designs.

282 Main Street, Rockland

QUAKER RANGES



\$1.00 and your Old Range for first payment and \$1.00 a Week buys a Quaker Home Range

ROCKLAND FURNITURE CO. Nearly Opp. Myrtle Street

BALLARD'S GOLDEN OIL THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

EVERY DOSE EFFECTIVE PRICE 25 AND 50 CENTS. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR in the YELLOW PACKAGE

Sold by C.H. Pendleton, Druggist & Optician, & W. H. Kittredge Druggist, Rockland

UNION

Herbert Thurston of Everett, Mass., was in town last week.

James Griffin of Springfield, Mass., who has recently purchased Alonzo Carter's farm, has arrived in town.

Quite a number in town are harvesting their ice; thickness of the ice 15, 18 and 20 inches.

Albert Knowlton lodged a tree in the woods one day last week. It came back and hit him and broke one of his legs below the knee.

Quite a number of adults and children have been quite sick with colds. Miss R. B. Robbins, who passed through a surgical operation over two weeks ago, is doing as well as could be expected. Miss Mabel Fuller of North Warren, trained nurse is taking care of her.

The schools closed Friday, Jan. 18, after a term of nine weeks. The Nye, East Union and Common held appropriate closing day exercises. The Common school, taught by Miss Agnes Tappan, presented the following program which proved very entertaining to the parents and friends who were present: Recitation, Words of Welcome, Gladys Calderwood, exercise, Three Little Boys Went to School, three boys; recitation, I'm Glad I'm a Girl, Doris Messer; reading; recitation, Mamma's Little Helper, Vera Messer; recitation, Ral Head Jim, Maris Messer, exercise, My Favorite Tree, three boys; recitation, The Contented Pumpkin, Margaret Thurston; dialogue, The Dolly Show; song, Arline Sargent; recitation, No More Spanking, Edmund Trimmer; B. Physiology; recitation, Go to Bed Early, Get Up Late, Miss White; exercise, The Flag, Six Girls; recitation, Papa's Comfort, Ida Hughes; recitation, Give a Little Boy a Chance, Nelson Calderwood; exercise, When I'm a Man, four boys; recitation, Pussy Cats, Sara Fissett; recitation, Hark! Hark! Mae Trimmer; exercise, Three Little Cocks, three girls; dialogue, The Harm? The following pupils were not absent during the term: Marion Cummings, Vera Day, William Trimmer. There were only one half day: Kenneth Simmons, Clinton Trimmer, Edmund Trimmer. Those absent only one day: Nelson Calderwood, Elston Luce, Alvah Simmons, Eric Simmons.

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THE WINDY CITY

PECULIAR CUSTOMS OF THIS SOUTH AMERICAN CITY.

Courteous Methods of Dealing With Its Vast Army of Beggars—Value of Crossed Cane—How Young People Court Each Other.

The house in Bogota in which I lived for fifteen months was one of the oldest and the largest in that Spanish built city. It was two stories and had thirty-four rooms, surrounding three patios, or courts. The ground floor rooms were shops and storage places; the family living rooms were up one flight of stone stairs. Only four of the apartments looked on the street; the others opened off corridors which ran around the patios. From the street one entered by enormous double doors of heavy oak into a short stone passage-way or vestibule; thence a smaller door led into the first patio, an inclosed garden, with a fountain in the center and flowers growing everywhere.

Into this patio every day of all the months that I lived in the place came beggars with their baskets, and as my room opened off the corridor above I could sit within my door and hear the very characteristic manner in which the alms are solicited—and refused—in Colombia.

The street doors were never fastened except at night, so in would walk the beggar (usually an aged Indian woman) without knock or ring. The senora, through the open door of her room off the corridor, would look down and see the suppliant standing below in the patio. An Anglo-Saxon woman in those circumstances would either at once have tossed some coin to the beggar or have said curtly from where she sat, "Go away; I've nothing for you!" and that would have ended the matter.

The Spanish-American woman's method of dealing with the situation was far otherwise. It did not matter if twenty beggars had already been there that day, and if there were every reason to suppose that twenty more would come during the afternoon, the ceremony (it was nothing less) of the refusal to give was never curtailed nor varied by one word or inflection of the voice.

First the senora would get up, leave her embroidery or whatever she was doing, go out from her room to the corridor, and, leaning over the railing, would say to the beggar very courteously: "Good day."

"Good day, your graciousness," the beggar would respond. "How do you do?"

"I am very well, thank you."

"And the gentleman, your husband?"

"Also very well, thanks be to God."

"How good that is! And your family?"

"They are all well, thank you very much. And you?"

"Oh, I am as usual, your mercifulness; many, many thanks to you."

Then the senora, as if she had never seen a beggar before and had no idea for what purpose this woman had come into the patio, would inquire: "And what is it that you wish?"

"For the love of God, your grace, the very least thing that you have to give—a very small piece of bread."

The senora appeared very much surprised to learn the visitor's errand, and at the same time was overcome by regret that she could not possibly comply with the request.

"A piece of bread?" she would repeat. "How much pleasure I should have in giving it to you! It is really almost too unfortunate that you come today, when we have not been able to get anything from the market, and the cook is so ill that we have scarcely had meals for the family. Any other time I would give to you gladly. There is always enough, except this one unhappy day on which you come. It gives me pain to refuse you, but—spreading out her hands—"what can I do?"

The beggar would take it all as if she had never heard it before and believed every word of it to be true.

"Oh, well," she would say, "it is nothing. Do not let your grace be disturbed. Another day will do quite as well. So, then, hasta luego" ("until a little while").

"Hasta luego," said the senora. "Que le vaya muy bien" ("May you go very well").

"Many, many thanks, and you also and your family."

So the beggar would go away none the richer. The senora was poorer by ten minutes of time, but what is time to a Spanish-American woman?

It was quite a while before I learned to take the pretty speeches of the Colombians for what they were worth. The men used to assure me, "Soy a los pies de usted" ("I am at your feet"), when, as a matter of fact, they were nothing of the kind. If I expressed the slightest admiration for anything, from a hairpin to a diamond necklace, it was immediately offered to me with the protestation that it was mine, as the owner cared nothing for it and I should be doing a favor by accepting it. No one would have been more surprised than that owner, however, if I had taken him at his word. Soon after my arrival in Bogota I was invited, with the family with whom I was staying, to spend the evening with some of their relatives. It might as well have been taken for granted that our entertainers would be relatives, for the Caravillos had so married and intermarried that there was scarcely a person among the upper classes that was not some kind of a cousin. The marriage of those closely connected by blood is very much more common than it is with us.

On the evening of the day of the little party to which we had been bid den I took out of my trunk the dress that I intended to wear, and as it had

been in the house for some time, I was surprised to find it soiled with spots and stains. I was about to wash it, when I was told that it was not to be worn, but that it was to be given to a poor woman who was in need of it. I was about to refuse, when I was told that it was to be given to a poor woman who was in need of it.

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In Social Circles

Mrs. Gilbert Hall is in Union, called there by the death of her aunt, Mrs. Ziba Simmons, whose funeral was held from the family residence yesterday.

Lady Knox Chapter, D. A. R., meets with Mrs. Clara Black, Summer street, Feb. 4.

Mrs. E. L. Cox and Miss Annie Rossister of this city and Miss Lucy Freeman of Lincolnville Beach were guests of Mrs. Wm. F. Hopkins in Northport the last of the week.

Miss Lulu Hundley, who has had a position in Boston several years has returned to Rockland.

Miss Helen Newsham is home from Isle au Haut, where she has been teaching school.

Mrs. Ethel Howard, who is teaching in Waldoboro, has been the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Young, the past few days.

Mrs. Nellie Messer returned from Portland last week. She was accompanied by her son, Robert, who has been a patient at Dr. King's private hospital.

Francis P. Wight was home from Bowdoin College over Sunday.

Mrs. K. Smith Toiman is on an extended visit among relatives and friends in Waterville.

Last Friday's meeting of the Methuen Club was one of the best of the season, which is saying a good deal, when the highest standard of work at each meeting is considered. The ladies of the club have shown unusual interest since the study of Holland was begun in October, and it is surprising to know how much that little Kingdom has done in the past and is still doing for example and benefit of other nations. The debt America owes Holland has been a revelation to those whose reading on that subject has not been systematic. At the last meeting the principal feature of the program was the discussion of the following question: "Resolved, That the Queens in history have influenced the world more for good than have the Kings." The affirmative was opened by Miss Annie Coughlin and the negative by Mrs. Annie Simmons. Both arguments were presented in an able manner, after which the discussion was informal. The current topic was a magazine article upon Muscovy Island by Lyman Beecher Stowe, read by Mrs. Evelyn Hix. A history of the United Club of Augusta was presented to the Methuen Club through the courtesy of Judge Hall, to whom a vote of thanks was extended. Adjourned to meet Feb. 8 with Mrs. C. M. Sullivan, Broadway.

George F. Kaler was at his place of business yesterday after having been confined to his home three weeks on account of illness.

Mrs. Cleaves of West Somerville, Mass., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Gribbin.

Mrs. Gertrude L. Palmer of Waldoboro is making an extended visit to her cousin, Mrs. Willis Robbins, Bay View Square. Mrs. Robbins entertained company Friday evening in honor of her guest. Refreshments were served.

Miss Helen Cousins and Miss Florence Haley gave an informal dancing party in Knights of Columbus hall last evening. About 30 couples spent the evening enjoyably.

The Progressive Literary Club met last evening with Mrs. F. W. Night, Claremont street.

The class of '08 R. H. S. had a sleigh ride to Crescent Beach last night, where dinner and dancing formed a very pleasant entertainment. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Henry H. Randall and Miss Carrie L. Allen of the High school faculty. The members of the class present were Carl Blackington, Carl Cottrell, Francis Harrington, Tyler Spear, James Ross, Joseph Emery, George Hosmer, Ralph Hansen, Crosby Franch, Louise Fisk, May Walker, Alice Scott, Mildred Simmons, Hattie Marston, Stella Fuller, Lela Flint, Lottie Blackwell, Ruth Dicknell, Deborah Perry, David Rowe.

Does Coffee disagree with you? Probably it does! Then try Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee. "Health Coffee" is a clever combination of parched cereals and nuts. Not a grain of real coffee, remember, in Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, yet its flavor and taste matches closely old Java and Mocha Coffee. If your stomach, head, kidneys, circulation, and Coffee drinking, try Health Coffee. It is wholesome, nourishing, and satisfying. It's safe even for the youngest child. Sold by G. I. Robinson Drug Co.

VIOLA POWERS.
The mother's help, and children's friend, proven through thirty years. Ask your neighbor. 6717

DR. O. H. CURTIS CURE CONSTITUTION.
The permanent cure of all ailments. Dr. O. H. Curtis, 1000 Main Street, Rockland, Me. Price 25 Cents.

INVESTMENTS OF MONEY

In making an investment of any kind, the two considerations are—SAFETY AND PROFIT.

A Bank Account with the Security Trust Company assures you of both—while the interest we allow gives you a good profit.

Pleased to have you open an account with us.

3 1/2 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts of \$1.00 and Up

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AUTOMOBILES

We are glad to announce to the public that we can make immediate delivery on the following cars: Pope-Hartford; Pope-Tribune; Stevens-Duryea; Buick and Cadillac. These cars have all proven their worth on the severe roads of Maine. Ask our advice on Automobiles—no cost. Any information cheerfully given. Call or write

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BRANCH OFFICE - 102 EXCHANGE STREET, PORTLAND

AFTER 68 YEARS.

John Peterson of Thomaston Hears from Relatives—Daughter's Uniting Search.

The story of a romantic reunion which is in prospect at Thomaston is told in the following letter, written to a member of The Courier-Gazette staff, by Mrs. May C. Hamilton, a Thomaston lady, now in Lowell, Mass. Her father, whom the story principally concerns, is John Peterson, an aged and well known resident of Thomaston. Mrs. Hamilton's letter, written from Lowell, is as follows:

My father was born in Sweden, being the son of an army officer. He ran away at the age of 15 to avoid the life of a soldier, and came to America. He married and settled in Thomaston, and like many boys grew negligent in writing home, and as no formed new ties there finally the letters grew less and less. As his life was spent on the ocean visiting every known port in the world, and passing through many changes and misadventures, the years passed quickly and he had no tidings from his native place (Helsingborg). He did hear, while in France, that his parents had both passed away, and feeling that the sisters and brothers (who were younger) had forgotten him, never expected to hear from them again. Many times he would grieve about his people and the broken ties.

Well, you know I demonstrate in all the New England cities, having a new place each winter. I have always felt that perhaps I could find some trace of father's relatives, and in every city where there are Swedish people I have been untiring in my effort to locate them, and now at last I have found my father's own people—two nephews and a niece, and have proven beyond a doubt that they are my father's sisters' children. We have had a pleasant meeting. They are among the best people I have ever met, and very respectable. So, after 68 years, my father will be reunited with his own people.

I am making arrangements now to come home with them Feb. 8th to see father. I shall not postpone the visit as father is now 82.

Father has a sister still living in Sweden, 80 years old, and a message is speeding there now to tell her the young brother they mourned as dead is alive.

An Insidious Danger

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger he has a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of trouble as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes. W. H. Kittredge, druggist; C. H. Pendleton, druggist and optician.

BARCAINS

INFANTS' CLOTHING

Here are a few genuine bargains that should receive the consideration of every mother.

Bear Skin Coats, white, red, drab, \$3.50 ones for \$2.50
4.50 ones for 3.00
5.00 ones for 3.75

8 Little Coats, all white, trimmed with fur, were from \$4.50 to \$10; to close out the price has been marked to \$2.75 each

Bonnets to match the coats
\$1.00 ones for 75c
1.25 ones for 85c

Many other Bargains equally as good.

Agent Bangor Dye House

Mrs. E. F. Crockett

TELEPHONE 426-12

OPPOSITE FULLER-CORR CO.

Main Street, Rockland.

OREL E. DAVIES

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SHOE

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PROGRESS IN AIRSHIPS.

The Year 1907 Will Be Notable One for Sky Navigation.

The Baltimore American has an interesting discussion of the progress in airship construction. The scientists who are interested in the navigation of the air are asking the question, "Is the airship of the future to be a dirigible balloon or is it to be a motor-driven aeroplane?" The American answers that this question has yet been determined with definiteness. Mechanical aeroplane flight is an accomplished fact—much can no longer be disputed. But the aeroplane does not as yet seem to have been brought under as satisfactory steering control as has the gas-bag floated car. Interest at present attaches to the aeroplane chiefly because of what is expected from that method of air navigation, though an actual flight of twenty-five miles has been made, and at an average speed of twenty-five miles an hour. The Wright brothers, who are destined to hold in the realm of aerodynamics the same position that Stephenson holds in regard to the locomotive, Fulton to the steamboat and Edison to the electric light, are engaged in the construction of a new and larger aeroplane than any with which they have so far experimented, and with which they are confident of driving for a distance of 500 miles and at an average speed of not less than 50 miles an hour. Though great expectations are directed to the possible future accomplishments in aeroplane flight, there is by no means a lessening of interest in dirigible balloon construction, and no cessation of effort to improve details in this form of air navigation. The degree of control of balloon ships already achieved is wonderful. The art of steering the gas-bag airship with the wind or against the wind has been so nearly perfected that, as was recently commented upon in the American, the French government has ordered three of these airships for military use, two of which have been completed and delivered. The second of these French military airships was delivered by the makers to the military aeronautic corps on the 15th of last December. At 10 o'clock on the day of delivery it rose in the air to a height of 650 feet, and then made a straight-line flight to its place of destination, Chalais-Mendon, which was thirty-one and four-tenths miles away. The distance was covered in one hour and twelve minutes, or at a speed of twenty-eight miles an hour. Count von Zeppelin, it is known, is experimenting with and perfecting in various particulars a monster airship, which is credited with being able to lift three tons in addition to its own weight. The Zeppelin ship has made several flights, though the inventor does not as yet regard it as a finished contrivance.

The American predicts that the year 1907 will be notable for airship achievements, both on the part of the dirigible balloon type of craft, and the aeroplane machine designs. Numerous prizes have been offered for specified accomplishments in air navigation. The largest of these is the \$50,000 prize which the London Daily Mail recently offered to anyone who will travel by aeroplane from London to Manchester within a day. On a straight line this is a distance of about 150 miles, and, as the present aeroplanes record flight is only something over twenty-five miles, there is considerable margin of difference to be overcome. If the Wright brothers achieve their expectations, however, this prize will be captured.

The Aero Club of America has offered a \$1,500 prize for a balloon flight to Jamestown, and it is highly probable that additional stimulus will be given to this air contest even by the putting up of other prizes.

BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL.

The Farwell opera house offers for the next attraction A. H. Woods' emotional melodrama "Bertha, The Sewing Machine Girl," which comes Monday night, Feb. 4. Bertha Sloane and her pretty younger sister Jessie, who is

blind, are orphans, poor but honest. Bertha secures a position in a "Sewer Shop," where she toils from early morning till late at night, and receives enough money to pay for an operation on her sister's eyes. Harold Cutting, whose father has robbed the sisters of their inheritance fearing that they may discover the fact, tries in various ways to destroy them, his assistants being his plots. Olive Roberts an adventuress, a "thug" named Slinky Bill and others of the same ilk. Bertha possesses several staunch friends, namely Tom Jennings, a young fireman, Mrs. Katzenkopf, a big hearted German woman and Archy Stubbs, an English youth, with whose help, she overcomes the rascally plots and finally comes into her own. There are four acts which are divided into twelve scenes. An unusually capable company is promised.

The New Mississippi Bridge.

Borings 1,000 feet deep in New Orleans have encountered nothing more solid than mud, sand and a little thin clay; hence the problem of making safe foundations for the piers of a giant railroad bridge which is soon to be built across the Mississippi near the city is a hard one for engineering science. The piers will rest on timber caissons, each measuring over 40 feet by 120 and 140 feet high. The bottoms of these caissons will be 170 feet below the surface of the river.

Motor Roller Skates.

Motor roller skates have been invented by a Paris engineer. Each skate has its own motor, and the oil tank is fastened on the back of the skater. The apparatus for controlling the speed and for starting and stopping is attached to the belt. It is a compact outfit, and the user can skate along a country road at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. They may take the place of the bicycle.

Carelessness, Not Graft.

At a local government board inquiry held in New London, to sanction the borrowing by the corporation of \$62,300 for electricity extensions it was stated that the electrical undertaking up to the present had resulted in a loss of \$7,200, which had been charged to the rates. The inspector pointed out that loans of some thousands of pounds had been sanctioned by the board for purchasing various machines, and he found the council again asking for money to buy machinery for which they had already received the cash—Morning Post.

The movement for municipal ownership in this country is a hunt by the demagogue for a new issue to catch votes.—Melvin O. Adams.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE Bargains on Children's Leggings Women's 45c Children's 25c Misses 35c

BOSTON SHOE STORE

A. J. Erskine & Co.

Fire Insurance Agency, 417 MAIN STREET - ROCKLAND, ME.

Office room over Rockland Nat'l Bank. Leading American and English Fire Insurance Companies represented. Traveler's & Accident Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

All Right in Theory, but Breaks Down in Practice.

Theoretically there is so much in municipal ownership of public utilities that the practical carrying out of its attractive features appears simple and of no serious moment, and for a municipality to take over and run water, lights, sewerage and even transportation appeals to taxpayers, and the trade is made without the first assurance that the conduct of these properties will be along practical and business lines.

It is the failure to assure the practical that works the evil, for municipal ownership is a general ownership, and a general ownership results too easily in its being no special business of any citizen or taxpayer to look into or inquire after the conduct of the properties under control. This leaves the management to a few, who soon find that they have only themselves to account to, that people are too busy to demand accountings and taxpayers accept any kind of report, just so there is the appearance of all being right and light, water, sewerage, etc. are given.

It is this indifference and neglect on the part of taxpayers to take note of municipal affairs which make municipal ownership of public utilities a hazardous and expensive matter. The theory of municipal ownership, with its great saving to each taxpayer, and extra service given and the great profits resulting, can all be placed in figures beforehand, but it is a failure unless the taxpayers shall give earnest and serious heed to the conduct of these public utilities, for unless this is done they will wake up some day with broken down properties and a big bond issue to make good.—Newbern Weekly Journal.

THE GREAT TRANSITION.

Public Property Wasted Because "It Costs Nothing, You Know."

"Hello!" said I. "What's that?" And I stopped to pick it up. "That?" replied the boy who happened to be passing through the school yard with me. "That is nothing but a lead pencil."

"But it is a whole one," said I, "and with a rubber on the end."

"What?" Do you mean to tell me that you have been this long before?"

"Yes, everybody's seen it."

"All the children in your school have seen this lying here day after day and not one boy has picked it up?"

"Of course. What should we pick it up for? There's plenty in the school-house. The town buys 'em."

And I had been given a text for a long meditation. Not pick up a whole new lead pencil? And a pencil with a rubber on it?

When I was a boy we prized even slate pencils. A boy who hooked any body's slate pencil was baited until he gave it up, but a lead pencil—we fought for lead pencils as the Greeks and Trojans fought for Helen. We scoured the countryside for old horsehoes to sell to the blacksmith for money enough to buy a lead pencil, and, having it, we cut our private mark on it, guarded it, kept it as our last resource in trade. Many a time a precious two inch lead pencil has turned an important jack-knife trade one way or the other. I never had but one lead pencil at a time and very often hardly that until I was fifteen years old. And these ten-year-olds came to pick up a whole one with a rubber! Think of it! The best eraser I had was a piece of rubber boot heel—Henry T. Bailey in *Enough of Education*.

A DAY OF RECKONING.

You Cannot Fool All of the People All of the Time.

The recent condemnation as unfit for further service of a number of gas and electric light plants and the closing down of some of them at a dead loss to the taxpayers should serve as a warning to other cities, for this is the fate that is likely to overtake all such plants in the long run. For the first year or two, when no expensive repairs are needed and the plant is thoroughly up to date, it ought not to be difficult to make a good showing. For a few years longer the bad bookkeeping and inadequate reports, that are unfortunately too common rather than the exception, may blind the citizens to the deterioration of the plant and to its increasing losses. But the day of reckoning inevitably comes when breakdown, bad service or demand for new equipment that cannot masquerade as "extensions" causes an investigation, and then it becomes evident that the plant has been losing its position almost from the start. No plant should be accepted as evidence of successful municipal management until it has been operated for several years and then examined by expert engineers and accountants.

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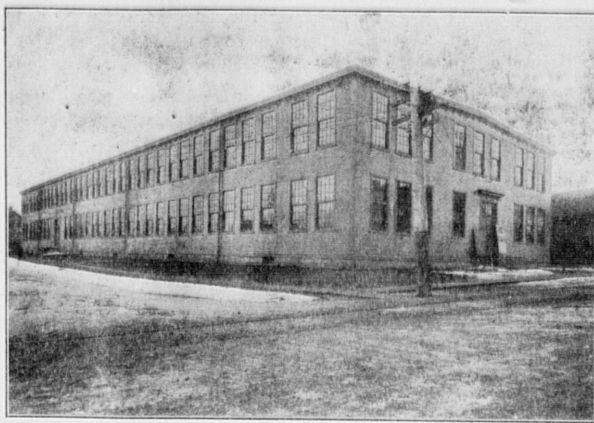
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THIS IS A PICTURE OF THE BIG RINK WHERE THE FOOD FAIR, MANUFACTURERS', GROCERS' AND MERCHANTS' EXPOSITION IS TO BE HELD FOR THE WEEK OF FEBRUARY 18.

There will be nearly half a hundred exhibits and many demonstrations from Automobiles to Candy Kisses. All kinds of business will be represented, samples will be distributed free, souvenirs will be given away; there will be many other attractions to interest and instruct. The Rockland Military Band will play popular selections every night. Keep your eye and your mind on this fair—at the Big Rink week of Feb. 18.

E. B. HASTINGS & CO.

THIS is the last week of our REMNANT AND RUMMAGE SALE. It has been a great success and our customers have all found Bargains. The same great trades will be found here all this week. Next week we will have something different to offer—watch for our next advertisement.

E. B. HASTINGS & CO.

IN WATERY GRAVES.

Loss of Schooners A. Heaton and Fiheman Graphically Told in Boston and New York Despatches.

In this issue of this paper was briefly mentioned the loss of the Rockland schooner A. Heaton which sank near Boston Light last Thursday. Friday's Globe had the following graphic story of the disaster:

Men who live by the sea rarely survive to tell such a tale as that recounted by Capt. James Lejan Hart and his crew of four men, who manned the masted schooner A. Heaton. The vessel lies sunk directly in the fairway, about two miles below Boston Light, after a long and stormy voyage from the New England coast for over 50 years.

The A. Heaton was on her way from Rockland, Me., to New York with a cargo of 200 barrels of lime consigned to Howard Haxall & Co. She was battered by storms which stripped her of much of her gear and the captain was making a vain effort to bring her to an anchorage in this harbor when she went to destruction. She struck the jagged ledge of the outer Brewster Wednesday night in heavy weather and dense vapor, and after pounding great holes in her bottom her cargo of lime ignited and she drifted off, illuminating the horizon, while the crew were driven to the long boat. Between their escape from the flames, the suffocating smoke of the vessel and violent gale and dangerous seas the men spent a thrilling two hours, and it is a marvel that they reached shore without loss of life.

The wrecked vessel lies about two miles east three-quarters south from the Thieves ledge whistling buoy. She is in an upright position, with about a third of her lower masts showing above the water.

The crew rowed to Boston light, where they were cared for until morning, when they rowed to pilot boat 4, which was anchored off Hull, and the pilot boat landed the shipwrecked sailors at fort Warren. They were brought to the city on the quartermaster's steamer Gen. E. S. Jessup.

The names of the men are Capt. James L. Hart of Glenview, Me.; mate Lumon Hutchings of Rockland, cook Willis E. Wilson of Glenview and two sailors named John Smith and James Coffin who were shipped at Rockland just before the vessel sailed.

Capt. Hart said he left Rockland about two weeks ago, but boisterous weather necessitated putting into Rockbay and Portland for shelter. She left Portland Wednesday morning and at 7:30 that night, in Boston bay, she ran into a terrible northwesterly blizzard with intense cold weather and heavy vapor. About 8 o'clock the mainmast, mainboom and maingaff were carried away, and the captain then decided to make for Boston for a harbor from the storm. He headed his vessel into the bay, but the vapor was so dense he could not see the light and at 11:30 yesterday morning he struck on outer Brewster island.

Capt. Hart said he and his men were most hospitably received by the keeper of Boston light and his assistants. Accommodations were provided and the men were given a substantial breakfast by the lightkeeper's wife.

The A. Heaton was a well-known coaster. She was owned by A. C. Gay & Co. of Rockland, Me. The vessel was insured. The cargo of lime was fully covered by insurance.

The lightship tender today placed a lighted buoy over the wreck of the vessel to warn mariners at night.

A New York despatch of Jan. 24 had the following concerning the loss of the schooner A. Heaton, well known at this port: Captain Hardy and five men who com-

posed the crew of the Deer Isle, Maine, schooner Fiheman were brought here today on the steamer Manhattan of the Maine Steamship Company. The Fiheman sprang leak off Cape Elizabeth last Tuesday and was abandoned at midnight that night when the Manhattan, bound from Portland for New York, ran down to her assistance.

The rescue of the crew of the sinking Fiheman was witnessed by the passengers of the Manhattan, four of whom were women. A high sea was running and it was nearly half an hour after a boat containing First Officer Pucker and five men had been lowered from the Manhattan before they could get away from the steamer. When the boat reached the Fiheman it was swung around under the lee of the rapidly sinking craft and Captain Hardy and his men jumped for their lives. All landed in the boat. They were suffering severely from cold and exposure and were quickly hustled to the warm cabin of the Manhattan.

The Fiheman was bound from Stonington, Me., for New York, when she was wrecked. She encountered severe weather soon after leaving port and when the Manhattan fell in with her all her sails had been torn away, her only small boat had been lost and there was no food or water in the hold. The crew was exhausted from constant work at the pumps. Captain Hardy said he believes that if the Manhattan had been 30 minutes later he and his crew would have gone down with the schooner which it is believed sank soon after she was abandoned.

PLAN FOR SALTON SEA.

Capt. Albert F. Eells Has Another Scheme Of National Interest.

Capt. Albert F. Eells, formerly of Rockport, who is the contractor building the Diamond Dam on the river, Cape Hatteras, N. C., has been in consultation with government officials and also with engineers of the Southern Pacific railroad concerning a new method which he has proposed to build a salt water canal to its old channel and thus save Imperial valley from the Salton sea.

The plan which Capt. Eells has in mind is to build water gates near the mouth of the river, which will be connected with sluices to carry the water into the lowlands which are now being inundated. These gates, he says, should be erected with great care. They should be built to drain the river at a lower level than the break, says the captain. When they are opened, says Capt. Eells, the water, instead of rushing through the break in the river's bank, as at present, will flow through the gates. This will make the water in the break more or less stagnant and enable the railroad to fill it in by running trains of dump cars out over trestles and dropping stone and sand overboard. At the present time this process has been rendered futile because the current carries away the waste as fast as it is dumped.

When the break has been mended by a strong, solid wall of earth and rock, says Capt. Eells, the gates may be closed, and the Colorado will again be confined to its old channel and flow into the Gulf of California instead of the Salton sea. Since his conferences with government and railroad officials Capt. Eells learned that the river has begun to eat back through the slit and now has a 75-foot fall, which is constantly increasing in depth.

"This might seem fatal to my plan," said the captain, "but nevertheless I think there is still time to put in timber and plank sluices to divert the river without scouring or cutting back. The sluices should be constructed large enough to take the river at its most swollen state."

Capt. Eells said that the cost of carrying out his scheme ought not to exceed \$500,000.

MARINE MATTERS.

Schs. Carrie C. Miles and Merrill C. Hart, potato-laden, sailed from Stockton Springs, Saturday, the Miles for New York and the Hart for Washington.

Schs. Samuel Hart, Maloney, and Wm. Rice, Maloney, are at Stockton Springs loading potatoes for New York.

The granite-laden schs. Francis Hyde and Samuel B. Hubbard sailed from Sullivan Saturday, the former bound for Stonington and the latter for Washington.

Sch. Nimbus has been at Boothbay Harbor loading ice for New York.

Sch. Harold C. Beecher arrived Monday from Stockton Springs with potatoes for Santiago, Cuba.

Tug Fred E. Richards arrived at Boston Friday with barges 1 and 5, with lime from the Rockland-Rockport Lime Co.

Sch. John D. Colwell sailed Sunday from New York for Philadelphia and San Juan.

Sch. Eric B. Hall sailed Monday from New York for Savannah with 200 tons of sulphur ore.

Sch. Ruth B. Cobb sailed Saturday from New York for Georgetown, S. C.

Sch. Wm. Bibbes arrived at New York the 27th with stone from Somers' Sound.

Schs. Chas. H. Klinek and Susan N. Pickering arrived at New York the 27th with stone from Stonington.

Schs. L. Herbert Taft and Thos. J. Dennison arrived at Galveston the 26th from New York.

Sch. Carrie E. Look sailed Sunday from Savannah for Darien to finish loading hard pine for Rockland.

Sch. Merrill C. Hart arrived at Rockland Sunday with potatoes from Stockton Springs for Alexandria.

Sch. Henry R. Tilton, Cobb, arrived at Vineyard Haven the 27th from Georgetown,

